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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 304.)

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SPARKING.

A Comedietta,

IN ONE ACT AND ONE SCENE.

FOUNDED ON L'ENTICELLE OF EDOUARD PAILERON,

By HENRY LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS,

Author of "The Bachelor's Box," "Carmen" (drama), "Fifth Wheel," "Fernande," "Article 47," "The Drinking Den" (L'Assommor), "Black Chap from White-chapel," "Darkey Sleep-Walker," etc., etc.

TOGETHER WITH

A description of the Costumes—Synopsis of the Piece—Cast of the Characters
—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on
the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

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No.		M.	F.	No.		M.	F.
75.	Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	21.	Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
114.	Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act.....	1	3	186.	Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
167.	Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts....	7	3	47.	Easy Showing, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
93.	Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	3	2	13.	Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6	5
40.	Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	200.	Estranged, an operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
89.	Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act....	3	3	103.	Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts,	9	7
192.	Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1 act.	1	3	9.	Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials,		
166.	Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2		interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
41.	Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	128.	Female Detective, drama, 3 acts.....	11	4
141.	Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	101.	Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
67.	Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act....	7	3	99.	Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
36.	Black Sheep, drama, 2 acts.....	7	5	145.	First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
160.	Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	102.	Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
70.	Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	88.	Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act....	4	2
179.	Breach of Promise,, drama, 2 acts....	5	2	74.	Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4
25.	Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1 act.	4	8	53.	Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2
24.	Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	73.	Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3 acts	11	4
1.	Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	30.	Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,		
69.	Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act.....	4	1		1 act.....	5	3
175.	Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.....	10	5	131.	Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
55.	Catharine Howard, historical play,			28.	Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1
	3 acts.....	12	5	151.	Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	
80.	Charming pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	8.	Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3
65.	Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	180.	Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5 acts	5	5
68.	Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3 acts	9	3	19.	He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
76.	Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.	3	2	60.	Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
149.	Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	187.	His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
121.	Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	174.	Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	3
107.	Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1	64.	Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	1
152.	Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act....	1	1	190.	Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act....	4	1
52.	Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1	191.	High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	4	2
148.	Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta,			197.	Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	14	2
	1 act.....	2	1	18.	If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce,		
113.	Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts.....	10	4		1 act.....	4	3
199.	Captain of the Watch (The), comedi-			116.	I'm Not Meself at All, original Irish		
	etta, 1 act.....	4	2		stew, 1 act.....	3	3
20.	Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4	139.	In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3
4.	Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act....	4	2	159.	In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act....	4	2
22.	David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3	122.	Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4
96.	Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act.	4	3	177.	I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1 act	1	1
16.	Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5	100.	Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	2
53.	Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts.....	7	6	139.	Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts....	3	3
125.	Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	17.	Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	4
71.	Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts....	5	3	86.	Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5
149.	Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4	72.	Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2

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NEW YORK:
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SYNOPSIS.

The scene of this play is laid in Newport—time, the present. WILL ROBBINS, late of the U. S. Navy, but more recently commanding a yacht, cruising about Newport, falls desperately in love with MILLIE REAY, an adopted daughter of Mrs. M'GRANITE, a rich young widow. In a brilliant yet touching dialogue WILL tells the widow of his love for MILLIE, and asks her advice and assistance. The widow, after teasing the young officer as to his numerous former escapades, at last relents, and tells him that he had best make a declaration of his love to the young lady. But he informs her that somehow he never can get her in the mood to listen to anything serious. While they are talking MILLIE is heard, off, laughing heartily, and urging her pet dog to bite somebody. The next moment she bounces into the room, and though she is mildly chided by her adoptive mother, she cannot refrain from often bursting out into ha ha's, as she recounts how she had been setting her dog on Mr. Suit, the family lawyer. MILLIE then proceeds with inimitable naivete to give an account of her visit to a poor widow, as the almoner for her mother, interspersing the pathetic details with irresistibly funny remarks about the jam-smeared faces of the children. Then she tells that MR. SUIT has made her a tender—or as she puts it a legal-tender of his hand. WILL tries hard to bring her to an engagement—yard-arm-and-yard-arm. But the saucy little puss will understand nothing of a serious nature. The young sailor, really touched by the sufferings of the poor widow, offers MILLIE twenty dollars to give her. But the girl tells him to go himself and give the money, as she thinks "honest people always want to feel the hand that relieves them." Then calling SNAP, her little dog, she says, "Oh, I'll go and be naughty out of this." ROBBINS and Mrs. M'GRANITE follow in a scene of exquisite fooling on the lady's part, but of real sadness on the part of the gentleman. MILLIE enters and Mrs. M'GRANITE goes off, to give ROBBINS a chance to woo the young hoyden, and a very pleasing and sprightly war of words follows. ROBBINS reads some original verses, and the maiden quizzes him dreadfully. ROBBINS attempts to explain the marriage ceremony—but tries in vain to make MILLIE serious for five minutes. But in a following scene ROBBINS speaks so eloquently and truthfully that the young flirt's heart is touched, and with the assistance of Mrs. M'GRANITE, she is at length led a willing captive into matrimony.

In summing up, one may truly say, there is "hardly a bet'er, more compact, more easily acted," yet assuredly effective piece even in our list—though that comprises the master-pieces of the foreign and home stage.

SPARKING.

SCENE.—MRS. M'GRANITE's villa at Newport, in 3d grooves. A summer afternoon. Music.

Discover CAPTAIN WILL ROBBINS walking about at back with a pencil and piece of paper on a book, as if composing. MRS. M'GRANITE seated R. front at table at needlework. She stops, looks at ROBBINS, smiles.

MRS. M'GRANITE. Will ! Will !

ROBBINS (*stops*). Did you speak, auntie ?

MRS. M'G. What are you pencilling there; a sonnet to your mistress' eyebrows ? Lost labor, boy ! India ink does all that *pencilling* now-a-days ! You might just as well have stayed on board Mr. Hartwell's yacht; for I do not call this behavior paying me a visit—still less paying me respect.

ROB. (*comes forward*). Shall I beg your pardon on my bended knees ?

MRS. M'G. No; I'll let Cupid's bended bow avenge me. With my bow and arrow I shot, said the sparrow. Your heart is pierced again. I am not "keeping count while you eat," but I think this is the third time this year, and it's only July !

ROB. Why should I not own it ? I *am* in love. (*fiercely*) I love—as I never loved before !

MRS. M'G. Love is the only human folly that is not everlasting, as our family lawyer and philosopher says. Expect no surprise in this quarter. To the best of my ken, this makes a baker's dozen of times that you have loved as you never loved before !

ROB. You can't hear a fellow without mocking !

MRS. M'G. I do not mock, nephew. A woman always hears love stories with fresh interest—and a great deal more interestedly when she is a widow, a rustic, old——

ROB. Old ! (*reproachfully*) Oh ! (*touches her hair*) The widow's *might* rests in her glorious *mane* !

MRS. M'G. I use the *Mermaid Magic Brush*, goose. But tell me all about it, like a good boy. Only—tell what a lady may listen to. None of your dreadful tales of the black women in Senegambia !

ROB. Don't be alarmed; I mean marriage this time !

MRS. M'G. Then it's some other poor woman who must be alarmed. Still you do not tranquillize me. I remember that Wagnerian opera singer——

ROB. A woman who painted. She had not seen her own face these ten years !

MRS. M'G. And the uncertain Mademoiselle Bellemoquese ?

ROB. That French adventuress ! Why, such a creature——

MRS. M'G. Don't scandalize women, sir; leave that to their own sex. Still, I must say, you sailors seem always to be on the best terms with the worst people!

ROB. (*loftily, sadly*). You will be sorry to have coupled the young lady I prefer with such trash.

MRS. M'G. You appear in earnest!

ROB. I have a great mind to settle down, that's all.

MRS. M'G. It takes a great mind to do that! And so Master Willie Robbins is going to come to anchor—at last? at last?

ROB. I should have come to anchor at first, at first—only that I was afraid of you.

MRS. M'G. Dear me!

ROB. No, no, you mistake; for you are the best, the nicest—the—but my uncle proposed whilst I was at sea, and when I came back you were married.

MRS. M'G. Well, one cannot very well send cake and cards to youths careering in the Antarctic Circle.

ROB. You were so chil—hem—so, so, so calm—that I called you mentally, an icicle—a sympathetic icicle.

MRS. M'G. But still an icicle! Ever so much obliged.

ROB. But you set an example to your sex—a very set example! Oh, I am not going to make such a mistake again.

MRS. M'G. As taking me for an icicle?

ROB. As letting myself be cut out.

MRS. M'G. You will be lucky then. The modern young lady is terribly fond of—the other fellows!

ROB. You know *she* isn't! (*sits, R. C.*)

MRS. M'G. Oh, do I know her?

ROB. So much so that I need your consent to the match!

MRS. M'G. The brimstone, am I?

ROB. Had I said that—

MRS. M'G. You should have suffered!

ROB. I speak of Miss Reay—

MRS. M'G. Millie! my little Millie?

ROB. Yes, our little Millie! that rosy, wild, unkempt, curly, fresh and restless romp—I love her, and I want her as my wife!

MRS. M'G. She's not out of her teens! (*rises.*)

ROB. And I am out of my wits for her. (*rises*) She is eighteen—I am five-and-a-score—not so uneven that.

MRS. M'G. She has not a penny!

ROB. No more have I—not a *rap* to buy the engagement ring!

MRS. M'G. Your uncle run down her father's smack in a Newfoundland fog, and thought it incumbent upon him to bring up the family. Millie never figured in our set.

ROB. You educated her though, and whatever her *German*, her English is tripping—and you are so knowing!

MRS. M'G. I can't stab, but I can sharpen the daggers of others, eh? But do not jest about serious things.

ROB. I! You persist in seeing in me a sort of prankish powder-monkey—you believe I cut down the sleeping watch in their hammocks, and put pepper in the scapie. I am not a boy now, auntie.

MRS. M'G. Beware your previous fate!

ROB. A rival! She does not love any one! There's no one comes here, except Mr. Suit, who seems never to have done with settling your husband's estate, (MRS. M'GRANITE *laughs*) Does he come to see her?

MILLIE (*pouting*). When you call me (*imitating*) Mildred, you don't love me.

MRS. M'G. I always do, and you presume upon it. (*repulses her*) Will you please behave?

MILLIE. Let your little Millie kiss you once—half a once—only there—on the regular pet place—Baby's own particular reservation, you know! (*kisses her*.)

MRS. M'G. Have done!

MILLIE. But you don't see the joke of it—a shrimp like me married to a lawyer! Would I not be a picture on the judge's bench! like a poodle! Would you have me sacrifice myself to life in an inkstand—in a forest of steel pens? Oh, you laughed! you laugh! you do, do, do! She do—did laugh, didn't she, Mr. Robbins? Well, there, I forgot my errand to the old woman—

MRS. M'G. Never mind your report now.

MILLIE. Oh, Mr. Willie don't care—he knows how good you are, like everybody else. That's why you are loved so generally. Oh, you shan't gag me—I seldom get a chance to talk, but when I do how I run on!

ROB. Run on about the old woman then.

MILLIE. Hypocrite! you'd rather it was a *young* woman. Well, poor old Sally is immensely happy. She is coming across to thank you herself to-morrow. She was all alone with her little urchin—sea-urchin, I call him,—and it was so sad in a room without as much furniture as would cover my hand—and already she had put herself and Tommy in mourning! I wore black once myself, didn't I, my dear auntie-mamma? (*kisses* MRS. M'GRANITE) The boy is quite a genuine little love! as red as a cherry, and shining like a crabapple, with puffy red curls, and long cat's eyes, and such a dirty face with the jam!—a real decided sweet boy. She let me nurse him while she wrote a letter for you—and didn't he kick though!—all legs and arms, like a starfish. (*searches her pockets*) No, these are pictures the boy gave me to color for him, and—some nuts, I thought I had eaten 'em all—my embroidery and—oh, that gum!—my ribbon (*puts on neck-ribbon to get it out of the way*) and a piece of (doubtful) pickle! (*eats gherkin*) Where did I put that letter, eh? No! my keys! ha, ha! my photo—no, (*change to sad voice*) a photograph of her husband—he's much too fine a man to be downed at sea. (*gives photograph to* ROBBINS) You never have been drowned at sea!

ROB. Not precisely.

MILLIE. She is almost as tall, and has splendid eyes—now where is that letter? Ah! no, it's my little glass. (*looks in mirror*) How red I am. Now, Sally looks so lovely pale! I wish—but slate pencils and vinegar will never make me thin. Oh, hurrah! (*pulls out letter*.)

MRS. M'G. Let me have it. (*reads letter L. C.*)

BOB. Hadn't we better charter a special ship for your goods? Millie, this Sally woman is very poor, eh? (*L. C.*)

MILLIE. I should think she was! her husband was blown out to sea a-going off to the lighthouse, and but for auntie she and that dear baby might have starved.

ROB. Let me have a hand in such good work—to a shipmate, too!

MILLIE (*refuses money*). Twenty dollars! that's too much to trust to me, and you had better take it yourself. Honest people want to feel the hand that relieves them; and charity is cold but for the warm hand, eh, auntie? You go, and see the baby, and kiss him,

though he will be smeared with jam—he's so funny! I wish I had a comic baby like that!

Mrs. M'G. What are you saying, child?

MILLIE. Snubbed again! I never can open my mouth without putting my foot in it.

ROB. I don't wonder—it is so small.

MILLIE. But I say everything that slips to the tip of my tongue. I suppose I am not wise—really, sometimes I do think I am a trifle *loony*!—ha, ha, ha! (*dog barks*) That's Snap crying for me! Isn't it strange—dogs like little girls, and cats like old women! (*dog barks*) What's the matter, sir? Don't be afraid, Willie; I'll have him tied up. How he does go on; perhaps he's mad! (*comic shudder*) It's Mr. Suit, who has driven us both cranky!

Mrs. M'G. Mildred!

MILLIE. Wrong again! Oh, I'll go and be naughty out of this! I'm coming, Snap! hold him, Snap! good dog! (*stops, R. U. E.*) Good dog—but naughty little mistress, eh? [*Exit.*

(*Lights down, cloud passing over.*)

ROB. (*enthusiastic*). The sun gleam on the billow! a silver bell in the cup of a lily! and you say I cannot love that precious pet! I do—I do!

Mrs. M'G. As you never loved before? we know all about that.

ROB. But she must love me—

Mrs. M'G. That's nothing to you—a Sea Cæsar—who comes, is seen and conquers!

ROB. Laugh away! but you will not laugh away my deep-set passion! oh that I were pitted against a woman, then I would not be in a fog! You don't believe me?

Mrs. M'G. Not often.

ROB. Because you nursed me, you think I still am brainsick? But look what I have to deal with—a child—infantile—a baby, who sees, and hears, and suspects nothing! strategy is as lost upon her as logarithms on a Cape Cod fisherman! There isn't any chance with a girl till she has had the spark!

Mrs. M'G. No spark! how about Mr. Suit! and you, and maybe others! she is brilliant with sparks like a porcupine that has had a roll in a nest of glow-worms!

ROB. The spark I mean is—did you ever see a torpedo?

Mrs. M'G. A little lump of paper that a naughty boy puts under the chair leg, so that when one sits down, it goes off with a bang!

ROB. (*laughs*.) Not that kind; larger; man's destroyer, not a boy's plaything! To look at, only a box with a pinch of powder, a wire, and a disk of guncotton! but send a spark along the wire, up flares the powder, and the disk explodes! The spark—the tiny, tiny spark, is the soul, the life, the devil of the thing! and up flies a ship in smithereens—brass is battered, steel plate split, and a thousand brave men are ripped asunder! Reflections apart, aunt, dear, woman is a torpedo, cold metal, hard glass, and senseless wood, till some day comes along admiration, vanity, pity, hate, poetry, or nature—and love is the spark! Heigho! little Millie hasn't the spark!

Mrs. M'G. Send it her, boy! lay down the wire!

ROB. Think I've not tried? But there are some women who will never flare up. For instance, you.

Mrs. M'G. Stick to your subject, sir!

ROB. My subject? far more my *tyrant*! “The Millie of love

grinds slowly, but she grinds exceedingly small." She has reduced me to a skeleton! she has reduced me to—a poet!

MRS. M'G. Ply the battery!

ROB. With what? I can't make her hate me! she would not hate the bee that stung her! Generosity is no go—you saw her snub me and my twenty dollars!

MRS. M'G. Maybe she'll pity you—when she reads your verses!

ROB. Instead of poking fun at me—at lines you never heard, you would be nicer to help me find a way, (*huskily*) there is one that never fails—

MRS. M'G. Did you test it with me?

ROB. Oh, you were the exception! you will lend me a hand though?

MRS. M'G. To the last button of my gloves!

ROB. If not in kindness to me, to prevent old Suit winning her!

MRS. M'G. Eh? why should I care whom Mr. Suit, who is not so old a gentleman, marries?

ROB. How you catch me up! You wouldn't further such a union. Millie in his house! the very image of a squirrel in a deed-box! If you hold back so, you will make me think you have private reasons to save Millie. (*rises.*)

MRS. M'G. Millie can take care of herself!

ROB. Still you will help me—

MRS. M'G. I told you, yes. 'Sh!

Enter MILLIE, L. 1 E.

MILLIE. Mr. Hartwell, auntie!

ROB. What a nuisance! I suppose he wants me for a cruise.

MILLIE. No, sir; he wants aunt. I asked him what for, and he chucked me a chin-chopper for my curiosity. I wish all the old gentlemen would *not* chuck me under the chin!

MRS. M'G. I'll go.

ROB. Don't be long! (*aside to Mrs. M'GRANITE.*)

MRS. M'G. (*laughing*). She frightens you! my ferocious sea-lion, don't look so sheepish before that lamb! Explode the poetry on her! [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

MILLIE *comes down steps, picks some grapes and eats them with almonds, up C.*

ROB. (*aside*). I am a blockhead, that's a fact.

MILLIE (*aside*). What's the matter with Willie? (*comes down R. C.*)

ROB. (*crossing along front to L.*) A block! (*beats his forehead.*)

MILLIE (*aside*). Oh! he's like a man in a play! (*follows him to and fro to study his face, amused.*)

ROB. She is far from imagining—(*nearly runs against her R. C.*) Ah! I beg pardon! did I make you start?

MILLIE. No! I never jump—even at a great fright!

ROB. I wish you did, and I were the *great fright*!

MILLIE. Oh! isn't that a joke? (*pauses, laughs*) Were you taking off those men on the stage? I like them. I wish I had been born an actress! Do you like them? (*holding out hand with nuts.*)

ROB. Actors? not much! I don't care for artificial things. Give me Nature!

MILLIE. Then have some nuts; the grapes look nice and red—but they are sour.

ROB. Confoundedly sour; (*sighs*) and the nuts are hard. Mind your pretty teeth, Miss Reay.

MILLIE. Miss Reay! why don't you call me plain Millie?

ROB. Plain Millie? because I think you pretty Millie! beautifullest Millie! charmingest Mill—(*takes her hand.*)

MILLIE (*her hand is full of nutshells*). Mind! they're the shells!

ROB. Oh, hollow hearts! (*throws shells aside.*)

MILLIE (*sits at table and cracks nuts with scissors*). What has Mr. Hartwell come to tell auntie? I haven't been up to any mischief in the town, that's a comfort.

ROB. Wants her to go sailing on the yacht. (*sighs*) I shall have to go to sea again.

MILLIE. I thought you bloated—I mean doated on the sea?

ROB. Once—now I have a superior affection.

MILLIE. I fear he comes on behalf of Mr. Suit; I don't want to go for a cruise—I would rather go to New York and see the plays. Ugh! (*nut eating*) such a bad one! they are not what they are cracked up to be.

ROB. Plays?

MILLIE. These nuts! Do you like them?

ROB. Nuts? no, thank ye again.

MILLIE. I said, plays, (*laughs*) ha, ha, ha! but I am always talking of a half a dozen things at once, so I get into such a tangle sometimes. What was I saying? Oh, I know! the plays! we went to the theatre, and saw a lovely piece—full of the most magnificent talk—not what folks use now, but poetry. There was a big man who rubbed his eyes and said, (*imitates*) "If you have sheds, prepare to tear them now!" Exquisite!

ROB. Eh? eh? "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now—"

MILLIE (*calmly*). That sounds more like it; and then there was a black-eyed, hook-nose girl—she was the Jew's daughter, and so her nose was correct—in a long white dress—a lovely train, worth twelve dollars a yard, I'm sure—and a splendid young man—they do get such splendid young men on the stage, don't they, Mr. Willie? and he spoke some poetry. It beats any brass band: "Moon—stars—bank—tum, tum, ta—still inquiring for the young-eyed cherubim—" that's all I know.

ROB. The Merchant of Venice?

MILLIE (*striking nut with scissors*). You've hit it! (*her nut flies away*) and I've missed it. Right! The Merchant of Venice! "still inquiring for—" oh, where's my nut?

ROB. So glad you like poetry, for I have written some for you.

MILLIE. Out of a play?

ROB. No! out of my head.

MILLIE. Yours—for me? (*goes to him, pulls a little stool to his feet and sits, cuddling up to him*) This is real kind of you. (*in a rough voice*) Let's have it.

ROB. (*begins*). "As sleeps the lily 'neath"—(*stops*) The bard would esteem it a favor if the cracking of nuts was suspended during the verses!

MILLIE. I beg you' pardon! that was the last one, and (*looking up into his face*) the last one of anything is always the best.

ROB. The last love, at least, is always the best! Listen. (*recites. Music, tremolo, pianissimo.*)

As sleeps the lily 'neath the wave,
 Its slender stalk and green leaf hidden,
 So Love may dwell below your grave
 Or merry thoughts, till upward bidden.
 Thus far, the mirror of your face,
 So spotless, smooth and lustrous purely,
 Remains without a sign or trace
 Of how much feeling you have surely.
 But, some fair eve I'll view the lake,
 Till then so placid, all uncover ;—
 With graceful hands its snowy cup
 The lily'll tender to her lover !

MILLIE (*absently*). "With graceful hands," (*hides her hands*) and I hate my nails ; "its snowy cup—" They *are* pretty, but not near so sweet as the other. (*rises.*)

ROB. (*revel*). Shakespeare's ? Oh, I don't call him a rival ! he *was* a fine writer.

MILLIE. Was he ? I never saw any of his *writing*—it has all been printed I have seen.

ROB. (*aside*). The poetic torpedo did not go off well. (*aloud*) Won't you keep them ? they were meant for you. (*goes R.*)

MILLIE. Oh, you fib !

ROB. (*returns*). Who's a fib ? why ?

MILLIE. I may be a madcap, but I am not a fool. How can you call me a mirror ? am I shiny ? am I placid ? have I a slender *stalk* ? (*walks about.*)

ROB. Mentally ; morally.

MILLIE. Am I snowy and green ? It is aunt that is fair and serene ! The lines would fit her better.

ROB. (*to her*). Millie, how then would you like to be portrayed ? (*tenderly.*)

MILLIE. Ha, ha, ha ! oh, wasn't your voice then like Mr. Suit's ?

ROB. Old Suit's voice ! like mine ! I don't care so much for *your* smiles, either !

MILLIE. Who's tender touchwood, now ! Mr. Suit is the best man in the world—for his age.

ROB. He should not even be my best man.

MILLIE. At your wedding ? (*goes to him*) You are funny again ; I am not afraid of funny folks ! Tell me about your wedding !—in prose—not in verses.

ROB. (*aside*). What a darling ! (*aloud*) Don't you know, little one, that there cannot be a wedding without two persons ?

MILLIE. Three ? (*pretended gravity.*)

ROB. The parson ?

MILLIE. No, that would be four. See here ! (*takes his hand and opens the fingers*) The bridegroom is won, eh ? the bride is won, eh ? that's one and one—or two ! and then the parson makes them *one*—and two is three !

ROB. Nonsense, child.

MILLIE. Child ! I tell you I am no child ! still I don't know how you can tell whether one is in love or not.

ROB. (*aside*). Isn't she the sweetest ? (*aloud*) Why, suppose I were to ask you for a kiss, what would you answer ?

MILLIE. Take it ! unless——

ROB. Ah, unless ?

MILLIE. Unless I had a pin in my mouth at the time—for auntie is always scolding me for that bad practice.

ROB. The only time anything *sharp* is on your rosy lips !

MILLIE. Or pointed !

ROB. You prove there, that you don't love.

MILLIE. I don't see that ! (*pouting.*)

ROB. Why, when a body is not in love, a smack of the lips or the hand is all one—for no one in the world is singled out ! You are as careless as the gunner who levels his piece at a town, indifferent whether he knocks off a steeple or a flagpole into a cocked hat !

MILLIE. That's me ! but when one is in love ?

ROB. Then the laugh at everybody and everything dies away ! tears come, and one hugs the pet dog in the corner, and goes half crazy at being so miserable when so happy ! A little girl is uneasy, anxious, teased ; but very glad to live and love. She seems to be playing hide-and-seek with some one after her whom she has never seen, and don't know where to run to avoid ! when he calls you wish to run to him, but you keep away ; and the little girl would hate the stranger who annoys her all day, and troubles her dreams, only for liking him so much ! that's Master Love.

MILLIE (*sits on settee under tree, R.*). Do tell !

ROB. (*leans over back of settee, R. of her.*) He is never so much present as when afar—on the sea, perhaps—and the white sail on the sealine is like his handkerchief waving her "God bless my little lassie !" Those around never speak often enough of him—never praise him too much—and yet, *she* never can speak too ill of him—perhaps, to prevent others seeing how much she worships him—perhaps, to deceive herself.

MILLIE (*absently*). Go on, please, go on ! (*babyishly.*)

ROB. (*sits beside her*). For love has united their—laid a wire down between them, on which thousands of love birds perch, and their notes thrill to her—he links hands, hearts, thoughts, eyes—

MILLIE (*quietly, humorously*). Lynx eyes are not pretty.

ROB. You never heard him speak what he is going to say, but you guess what's coming ! then you blush—your heart stands still to let his overtake it ! when he grasps your hand (*takes her hand*) your whole being seems to tingle through it to him—road smooth and warm—and he must take the kiss he prayed for—because you wouldn't grant it him, not for a thousand worlds—(*about to kiss her.*)

MILLIE (*starts up*). No !

ROB. (*disappointed*). Ah ! (*delighted*) the spark !

MILLIE (*laughs frankly*). Ha, ha ! Then I have been in love ! oh, oh, oh !

ROB. You have ?

MILLIE. *Rather !* at school—at boarding school ! all our class were like that—we loved the music master—poor Signor Dolcecario ! when he spoke to us, we trembled—when he took our hands to show us the fingering, we reddened like a stove ! and he was such an ugly man, with a beard like a birch broom.

ROB. That couldn't be.

MILLIE. It was, it was—pomade wouldn't smooth it down ! we tried !

ROB. I mean, that could not be love.

MILLIE. But it was—the genuine article ! how well I remember—as he had no hair—being so bald you could have darned stockings on his dear old pate—we cut up his hats, and wore the felt in our lockets—ha, ha, ha !

ROB. You tiresome bundle of thorns, so much better than a pound of rose leaves without them, do listen to me !

MILLIE. Oh ! here's auntie !

ROB. (*aside*). She laughs too much and heartily ! it's a stern chase !
(R.)

MILLIE (*L. aside, smiling, but perplexed*). Willie loves me.

Enter MRS. M'GRANITE, L. 1 E.

MRS. M'G. (*aside*). So far apart ? what's come of the children ? How Millie rushes at conclusions ! Mr. Suit wanted her to plead for him with me !

MILLIE. And did Mr. Suit send Mr. Hartwell, aunt ?

MRS. M'G. You had better go ask him !

MILLIE. So I will. I am not afraid—(*aside*) now, he loves me !
(*murmurs*) "The lily's tender to her lover—" [*Exit*, L. 1 E.]

MRS. M'G. Well, Will ! (*sits, R. C.*)

ROB. She laughs too much. You were right. She might amuse a musty old lawyer, she wouldn't make a man happy—only away.

MRS. M'G. Insensible to poetry—even to your poetry ?

ROB. A rock—a rock crystal—pure, white, cold—and condemnably hard.

MRS. M'G. So you give up the courtship ? "My own, my guiding 'tar !" ha, ha !

ROB. Less than ever ! My blood is up, my pride in it ! I'll plant my flag on the trim little bow, or die for it !

MRS. M'G. *Dye* some agreeable color, then ! You are very pale at present.

ROB. As going alone did not succeed, I will obtain your help for the next attack. Four eyes are better than two.

MRS. M'G. At least that should furnish you with *four-sight* !

ROB. A woman like you—

MRS. M'G. And a poet like you—

ROB. I have an idea !

MRS. M'G. Another ! so soon ? you are quite a dealer in notions to-day.

ROB. Aunt, do be serious with me for once. To induce that simple little daisy to love me, I must try the old, old plan. Its success depends on you.

MRS. M'G. Well, you have faith enough ! am I to propose to her ?

ROB. Hear my scheme.

MRS. M'G. Never mind scheming. You want her to wife—so I will offer her your hand. That is clear enough.

ROB. She'll tell me to clear out !

MRS. M'G. She will accept.

ROB. She hasn't the spark ! she will refuse, my respected aunt. How you keep smiling ! Does love make man such a comical sight ?

MRS. M'G. Did you ever watch dancers and not hear the music ? That's how you appear.

ROB. You are passionless ! Oh, if you had but the spark !

MRS. M'G. Be off to another torpedo.

ROB. Only if you fail, we'll try my plan—

MRS. M'G. And try her patience ! Go away, sir, for ten minutes.

ROB. Ten ages ! (*goes up, lights a cigar, mutters* :) "So far the mirror of her face—" (*puff, puff*) "no trace !" (*puff*) I've burnt my fingers !
[*Exit*, R. U. E., *smoking*.]

MRS. M'G. What a *gone* case ! poor youth ! not that it matters to me—only I should not like to be married before him. Is that you, Millie ? so I am to be a matchmaker, am I ? I hope my matches will burn steadily, then !

Enter MILLIE, L. 1 E.

MILLIE. I thought you called, auntie ? (*aside*) Willie is not here. (*aloud*) Oh, what do you think Mr. Hartwell said ? That I had made a mistake ; that Mr. Suit wasn't in love with me.

MRS. M'G. He did not say he was. And you gave him no time to name the party.

MILLIE. That was Snap—he interrupted ; dogs don't know that is rude. Mr. Suit wanted me to plead his suit—ha, ha ! that's all.

MRS. M'G. Then you wouldn't have accepted him ?

MILLIE. I do not know.

MRS. M'G. You are generally straightforward. Don't you care to marry ?

MILLIE (*rustically*). Mebbe I dew, mebbe I don't.

MRS. M'G. One can't get yes or no from you ! Come here, and look at me—look me in the eyes.

MILLIE. Yas, jedge ! ha, ha, ha !

MRS. M'G. Somebody else wants to marry you.

MILLIE. Mr. Hartwell ? or another lawyer ?

MRS. M'G. Mr. Will Robbins, by courtesy captain.

MILLIE. Willie ?

MRS. M'G. Yes, he will ! that's stopped your laughing.

MILLIE (*tremulous*) But you are laughing at me !

MRS. M'G. He charged me to plead for him—you frighten him so ! is your silence consent ?

MILLIE (*aside*). His wife ! I never hoped so high as that ?

MRS. M'G. You tremble like a leaf ! He is not the husband I would wish you or any other woman. I doubt he can love any body—I know, by his uncle's example, what sailors are, "One foot on shore, one foot on sea, to one thing constant never"—

MILLIE. But you are not a *thing*, auntie ! Willie is brave.

MRS. M'G. Because he jumped in the surf and pulled out a bather ? Snap has done as much.

MILLIE. But Snap didn't put his hand in his pocket and give the crowd twenty dollars to carry the girl to a hotel, and fix her up to go home by the steamboat.

MRS. M'G. Because Snap does not wear pockets—unless you have rigged him up so—for I never know any five minutes what freak you are up to ! But to return to our puppy—Willie's not handsome—rather plain—which somewhat cuts against his boasts of love adventures ! but—here we are, Mrs. Robbins—dear little round robin ! Why do you stare at me so !

MILLIE. My dear mamma ! (*hides face in MRS. M'G.'s arms.*)

MRS. M'G. I don't think you gave the envoy a formal answer.

MILLIE. You know how truly I love you—

MRS. M'G. Am I to tell the undeserving wretch he is happy ?

MILLIE. Give me my old place to kiss, mamma ! (*they batle playfully.*)

MRS. M'G. You accept him ? (*she lets herself be kissed.*)

MILLIE. No ! because it's a sin to wed when one does not love.

MRS. M'G. But you do love him ?

MILLIE. He is not in earnest.

MRS. M'G. He never is—but he is more less unearnest now than ever.

MILLIE. And then, as you say, he is not handsome. He—he—looks so strange.

MRS. M'G. You will make out he squints, next ! The apples of his eyes are *pairs* !

MILLIE. Ha, ha ! my dear mother, the only one I have known, don't be cross with me. How can any one like me—so unsteady, wild, reckless, funny ! can I look grand at the head of a table ? A Port-Admiral's lady with my turn up nose !

MRS. M'G. No, no, no !

MILLIE. But the nose will turn up—a leetle—in spite of your *noes* ! and red cheeks—

MRS. M'G. Rosy !

MILLIE. But I do not love him ! there ! (*stamps on a nutshell.*)

MRS. M'G. You say so—but you act as if you did.

MILLIE. Won't little Millie ; Auntie dear, turn the sailor-man off from this marriage—a little aside.

MRS. M'G. Whirligig ! do your own turning !

MILLIE. Only a little while ago, you tried to turn me from the idea of marriage.

MRS. M'G. I—I interfere !

MILLIE. Not warmly—but, truth to say, you didn't like the idea of my taking Mr. Suit ?

MRS. M'G. I—Miss Impertinence ? what is Mr. Suit to me ?

MILLIE. Do be calm, auntie !

MRS. M'G. And now you tell me to keep my temper, like Willie ! you have made this up between you ! Do you want to wait till all the other gentlemen have proposed to you ?

MILLIE. One is enough torment, thank you !

MRS. M'G. Which one ?

MILLIE. Oh, here he comes ! (*runs about, then at L. 2 E.*) I fly !

MRS. M'G. You love him ?

MILLIE (*blows a kiss*). I love—my dearest auntie.

[*Exit, R. 2 E.—lights down gradually.*]

MRS. M'G. A madcap and that mad captain will be very well matched. How dare they joke me about the lawyer ?

Enter ROBBINS, R. U. E.

ROB. Is my time up ? my heart is—in my mouth. Is she kind—

MRS. M'G. Yes, she kind o' refuses !

ROB. (*delighted*). I told you so ! no chance without the spark !

MRS. M'G. (*aside*). But she shan't have the lawyer ! to tease that honest gentleman out of his life ! (*aloud*) have you ruminated your scheme ?

ROB. Going to help me ? bravo ! So you told her I loved her and meant to splice, and that I was awaiting your report ?

MRS. M'G. She'll guess that.

ROB. Give me your hand then ! (*takes her hand on his arm. Lights to half turn.*)

MRS. M'G. What are you after ?

ROB. Merely a stroll.

MRS. M'G. You are fond of *strollers* ! Thank you, but it's getting dark.

ROB. But robbers don't come out in the grounds !

MRS. M'G. Toads and bats do ! your plan, sir, here !

ROB. We've begun operations. Hush ! look yonder—the shadow under the birch—that's her ! I was sure she'd hover round, and listen ! Daughter of Eve—eave's droppers ! (*dark stage*) Come—sit we upon this bench—nearest her—she's been to see Jessica and Lorenzo ! and let her hear the catch words !

MRS. M'G. What words ?

ROB. Reproach me for marrying—and I'll excuse myself for forgetting you. In five minutes we'll fill her with jealousy, and thence will fly the spark !

MRS. M'G. Keep off, sir ! What nonsense !

ROB. Only two minutes. (*loudly*) And don't you wish me to marry ?

MRS. M'G. Never ! (*aside to him*) Is she still there ?

ROB. (*aside to her*). The shadow ? A shade nearer. (*aloud*) The years are long since we first met.

MRS. M'G. (*aside to him*). Must I answer in scraps of old ballads, too ?

ROB. (*aside to her*). In anything !

MRS. M'G. What shall I say ?

ROB. Anything—Dear Willie, I adore you—I more than ever—all that sort of thing. Fire away !

MRS. M'G. (*loudly but without feeling*). My dearest nephew !

ROB. Not like that. Passionately !

MRS. M'G. But it is new to me !

ROB. It's new to Millie, but she would say, "My darling Willie" ever so sweetly !

MRS. M'G. Call her then !

ROB. No, no ! Go on ! Try it now !

MRS. M'G. Dear Will, I have never ceased to love—(*aside to him*) Don't take my hand !

ROB. You promised to lend me a hand !

MRS. M'G. But she can't see—she can only hear !

ROB. (*loudly*). Can it be that you love me still ?

MRS. M'G. (*loudly but measuredly*). Certainly !

ROB. (*aside to her*). What a tone—like a lawyer ! "The case we have to lay before the jury"—Oh, do put a little flame in it !

MRS. M'G. To fire the torpedo ! I throw up my part !

ROB. You haven't a spark of the spark ! (*seizes her hand*.)

MRS. M'G. And you are too much of the spark. Don't touch me !

ROB. I can't touch you ! Remember you were my first love—that you have married another, and are going to marry another. Another ! and I propose to another—quite another !

MRS. M'G. (*feelingly*). And, pray, why should my marriage require your good leave ?

ROB. (*aside to her*). That's the talk ! (*aloud*) Because your indifference wearied my love. (*aside*) And so it did.

MRS. M'G. Your young love was a bore ! (*aside*) And so it was. (*aloud*) And you are a pretty man to talk of real love—you who plunge head-and-ears into frenzy for the first operatic screamer—very far from the first in merit—whom you hear—the French card-player—

ROB. (*frightened*) Stop, stop, stop that !

MRS. M'G. How dare you make up to that dear little Millie—guileless, pleasing and pure !—you who bob up and down like a cork

on the waves—like a—pooh ! pooh ! you can't be in earnest. Even she sees that for herself !

ROB. (*furiously*). Not in earnest ! She knows I am. Because you always see me whistling, singing, and dancing, you think I am a skipper but to skip ! (*new moon rises, lights gradually up*) The liveliest man that ever laughed has his idol in its shrine—some woman who drinks up every drop of sweetness in his proffered cup of faith ! You were my saint—that saint ! but you were too grand, too lovely, too rich, and I sailed away. And now that I would set up another idol—something to fill the void—dash me if you don't dash that aside.

MRS. M'G. Romantic boy, surely you say this for a joke !

ROB. Yes, a joke that makes me laugh !

MRS. M'G. (*feeling a tear on her hand from his eyes*). A tear ! you laugh till you cry. Then cry no more. (*rises, goes up quickly*.)

ROB. What do you mean ?

MRS. M'G. She *shall* love you ! she *shall* wed you ! Millie, here ! don't run away.

Enter MILLIE, L. 1 E.

MILLIE. Did you want me, auntie ?

ROB. and MRS. M'G. (*turn round*). Millie here !

MRS. M'G. Who then was the listener ?

ROB. (*up c.*). A man ! (*seizes a stick*.)

MILLIE. (*laughs*). Oh, don't ! it isn't a robber ; it's Mr. Suit come to ask auntie's hand ! Mr. Hartwell backs him up. And did his black shadow frighten my little pets so much ! don't tremble—I'll go answer him.

MRS. M'G. Not you, child ; I can speak for myself.

ROB. Yes, aunt, for you have the spark !

[*Exit MRS. M'G., R. U. E.*]

Don't you go, Millie.

MILLIE. Why not ?

ROB. Two's company and—

MILLIE. Oh ! But you are right ; I would rather she left us alone.

ROB. The spark ! (*laughs*) But what's the ail, cherry lips ? you've been crying !

MILLIE. Crying, indeed !

ROB. For the moon ? there she is.

MILLIE. Not a *she* !

ROB. The man in the moon ?

MILLIE. In my heart !

ROB. Oh, you can have *him* ! (*takes her in his arms*) with all my heart.

MILLIE. Oh, I *am* so happy ! What shall I do ?

ROB. You'll get used to it !

MILLIE (*abruptly*). How did you know I loved you ?

ROB. By the spark—in your eye ! by your blush ! On the straight flush I've made my pile.

Enter MRS. M'GRANITE, R. U. E.

MRS. M'G. The silly man's fled !

ROB. Never fear, aunt, to lose him ; the wire is down, and you can explode your torpedo at any distance.

MRS. M'G. And how did you win her ? by the poetry ?


ROB. By Ler goodness. Bah ! for the poetry. (*brings MILLIE down*
 C.) On this fair eve I view the lake
 Till now so placid, all discover !
 With graceful hands her snowy—
 MILLIE (*interrupting*).
 With grateful hands, her joyful heart
 The lily tenders to her lover ! (*soft music.*)

CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of stage, facing the Audience ; L. Left ; C. Centre ; R. C. Right of Centre ; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in Flat, or Scene running across the back of the stage ; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat ; R. D. F. Right door in the Flat ; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat ; R. D. Right Door ; L. D. Left Door ; 1 E. First entrance ; 2 E. Second entrance ; U. E. Upper Entrance ; 1, 2 or 3 G. First Second or Third Grooves.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
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154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts.	8 6	194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.	7 4
63. Marriage at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	5 3	195. Rosei Shell, travesty, 1 act, 4 scenes.	6 3
39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act.	4 2	158. School, comedy, 4 acts.	6 6
7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.	5 3	79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1 act.	7 5
49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.	8 2	37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.	3 2
15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.	4 2	35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.	2 1
46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.	5 2	43. Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act.	7 2
51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.	3 2	6. Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.	17 3	10. Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act.	1 1
108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.	3 3	26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.	16 5
188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.	3 3	78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act.	7 3
169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.	4 1	31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.	3 3
130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.	3 1	150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.	2 2	120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2 1
193. My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act.	1 1	146. There's no Smoke Without Fire, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
140. Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act.	3 4	83. Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.	6 1
115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3 acts.	8 3	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7 3
2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.	8 3	27. Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	7 5
57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.	4 4	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4 2
104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.	7 5	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.	2 1
112. Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.	3 3	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1 act.	3 2
185. Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.	14 3	29. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.	5 3
84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.	10 6	168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.	4 2
117. Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama, 3 acts.	5 4	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.	6 3
171. Nothing Like Paste, farce, 1 act.	3 1	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.	3 3
14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and prologue.	13 6	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.	4 4
173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	198. Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta, 1 act.	3 1
176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.	1 2	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
90. Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.	2 2	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6 2
170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.	4 2	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.	3 3
33. One too Many for Him, farce, 1 act.	2 3	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.	6 6
3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.	8 4	91. Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.	7 2
97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3 3
66. Orange Girl, drama, in prologue and 3 acts.	18 4	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.	5 4
172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.	6 3	105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1 act.	2 10
94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.	7 5	98. Who is Who? farce, 1 act.	3 2
45. Our Domestics, comedy farce, 2 acts.	6 6	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.	4 4
155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts.	24 5	5. William Tell with a Vengeance, burlesque.	8 2
178. Out at Sea, drama in prologue and 4 acts.	16 5	136. Woman in Red, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	6 6
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.	11 5	161. Woman's Vows and Mason's Oaths, 4 acts.	10 4
156. Peace at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	1 1	11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2 acts.	4 4
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.	12 4	54. Young Collegian (Cantab.), farce, 1 act.	3 3
27. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.	3 10		
23. Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza, in one act.	15 24		
62. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.	3 2		



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